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10.



AN ITALIAN GARDEN



**“***IL primo giorno di Calen di Maggio  
Andai nell' orto per cogliere un fiore  
E vi trovai un uccellin seloaggio  
Che discorreva di cose d'amore.*

*O Uccellin che vieni di Fiorenza,  
Insegnami l'amor, come comincia ?  
L'amor comincia con suoni e con canti  
E poi finisce con dolori e pianti.”*

TUSCAN RISPETTO.

o

**AN ITALIAN GARDEN**

***A Book of Songs***

**By**

***A. Mary F. Robinson***

***Printed for Thomas B. Mosher  
and Published by him at  
45 Exchange Street, Portland,  
Maine. Mdcccxcvii***



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# CONTENTS

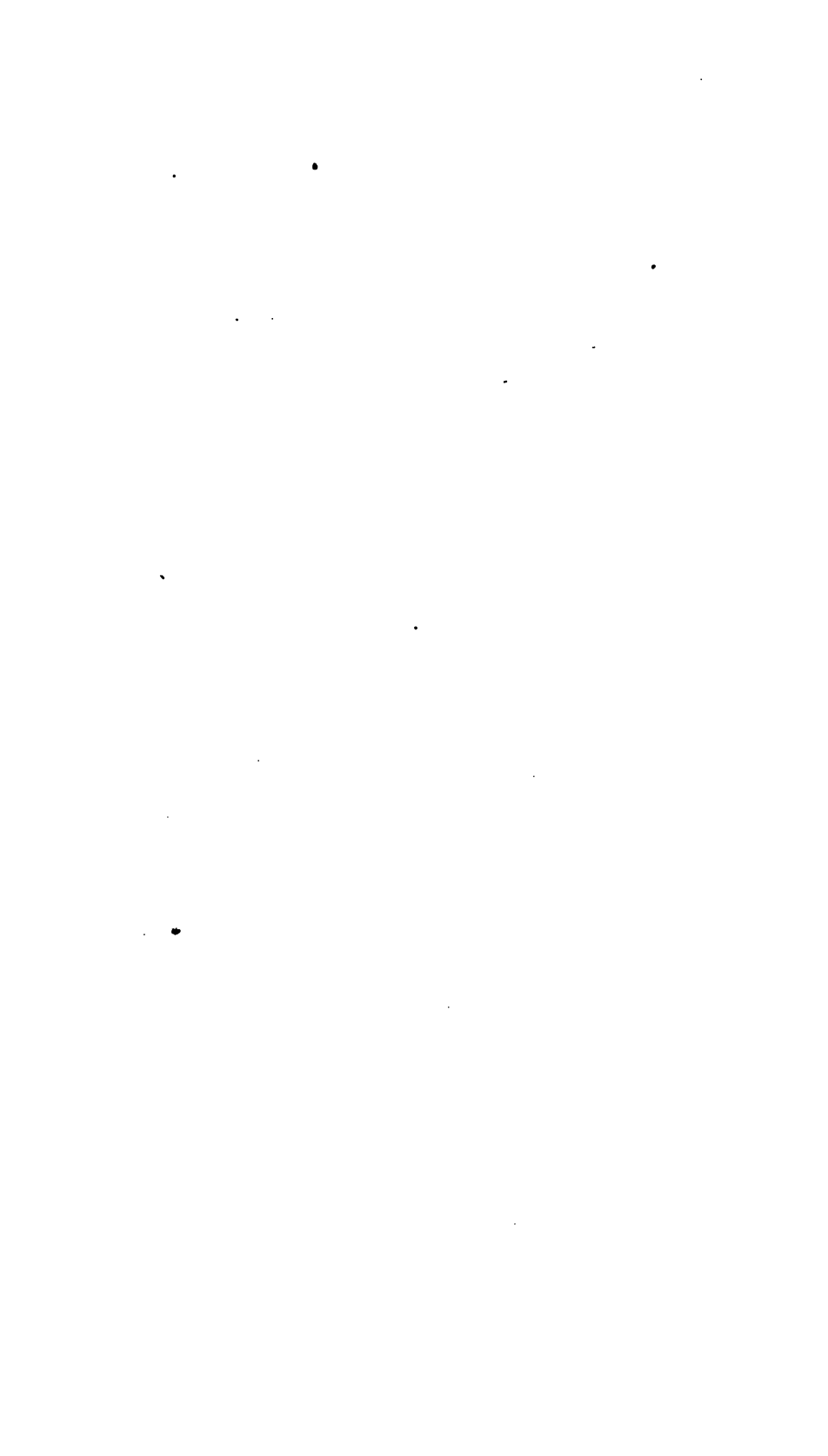
|                                     | PAGE |
|-------------------------------------|------|
| NOCTURNES.                          |      |
| FLORENTINE MAY . . . . .            | 11   |
| REMEMBRANCE . . . . .               | 13   |
| FIRE-FLIES . . . . .                | 14   |
| THE PAVILION . . . . .              | 17   |
| THE IDEAL . . . . .                 | 18   |
| CALAIS BEACON . . . . .             | 19   |
| VENETIAN NOCTURNE . . . . .         | 21   |
| INVOCATIONS . . . . .               | 22   |
| THE FEAST OF ST. JOHN . . . . .     | 23   |
| SERENADE . . . . .                  | 24   |
| A GARLAND OF FLOWERS.               |      |
| A FOLETTA . . . . .                 | 27   |
| A RIFIORITA . . . . .               | 28   |
| TWO POSIES . . . . .                | 29   |
| RED MAY . . . . .                   | 30   |
| TO A ROSE DEAD AT MORNING . . . . . | 31   |
| STREWINGS . . . . .                 | 32   |
| TEMPLE GARLANDS . . . . .           | 33   |
| TREASURE SONG . . . . .             | 34   |
| OAK AND HOLLY . . . . .             | 35   |
| TUSCAN CYPRESS.                     |      |
| SIXTEEN RISPETTI . . . . .          | 39   |

# CONTENTS

|                                       | PAGE |
|---------------------------------------|------|
| SONGS AND DREAMS.                     |      |
| TUSCAN MAY-DAY . . . . .              | 47   |
| LOVE WITHOUT WINGS . . . . .          | 48   |
| SEMITONES . . . . .                   | 51   |
| DEATH IN THE WORLD . . . . .          | 52   |
| ELYSIUM . . . . .                     | 53   |
| STORNELLI AND STRAMBOTTI . . . . .    | 54   |
| PRINCESSES . . . . .                  | 55   |
| LOVERS . . . . .                      | 56   |
| A BALLAD OF FORGOTTEN TUNES . . . . . | 57   |
| CELIA'S HOME-COMING . . . . .         | 58   |
| ALTERNATIVES . . . . .                | 59   |
| DRYADS . . . . .                      | 60   |
| A ROSE . . . . .                      | 62   |
| VESTIGIA.                             |      |
| ROSA ROSARUM . . . . .                | 65   |
| AN OASIS . . . . .                    | 66   |
| TORRENTS . . . . .                    | 67   |
| AUBADE TRISTE . . . . .               | 68   |
| CASTELLO . . . . .                    | 69   |
| A CLASSIC LANDSCAPE . . . . .         | 70   |
| POPLAR LEAVES . . . . .               | 71   |
| SPRING UNDER CYPRESSES . . . . .      | 72   |
| CAMPIELLO BARBERO . . . . .           | 74   |
| MUSIC . . . . .                       | 76   |
| A SONG . . . . .                      | 77   |
| A SONNET . . . . .                    | 78   |
| IN MEMORIAM . . . . .                 | 79   |

## CONTENTS

|                           | PAGE |
|---------------------------|------|
| VESTIGIA. (CONTINUED.)    |      |
| ART AND LIFE . . . . .    | 81   |
| PERSONALITY . . . . .     | 82   |
| PULVIS ET UMBRA . . . . . | 84   |
| LATER POEMS.              |      |
| ETRUSCAN TOMBS . . . . .  | 89   |
| TUBEROSES . . . . .       | 91   |
| SONNET . . . . .          | 93   |
| VERSAILLES . . . . .      | 94   |
| EPILOGUE . . . . .        | 95   |



*ῥέσπερε, πάντα φερεῖς, ὅσα φαιρολὶς ἐσκέδασ ἀέως.*

SAPPHO.

*"Under a cypress in a starless night."*

SHELLEY.

## NOCTURNES



FLORENTINE MAY.

**S**TILL, *still is the Night; still as the pause  
after pain;  
Still and as dear;  
Deep, solemn, immense; veiling the stars in the  
clear  
Thrilling and luminous blue of the moon-shot  
atmosphere;  
Ah, could the Night remain!*

Who, truly, shall say thou art sullen or dark  
or unseen,  
Thou, O heavenly Night,  
Clear o'er the valley of olives asleep in the  
quivering light,  
Clear o'er the pale-red hedge of the rose, and  
the lilies all white  
Down at my feet in the green?

Nay, not as the Day, thou art light, O Night,  
with a beam  
Far more dear and divine;  
Never the noon was blue as these tremulous  
heavens of thine,  
Pulsing with stars half seen, and vague in a  
pallid shine,  
Vague as a dream.

Night, clear with the moon, filled with the  
dreamy fire  
Shining in thicket and close,  
Fire from the lamp in his breast that the  
luminous fire-fly throws;  
Night, full of wandering light and of song,  
and the blossoming rose,  
Night, be thou my desire!



*Night, Angel of Night, hold me and cover me so—  
Open thy wings!  
Ah, bend above and embrace!—till I hear in  
the one bird that sings  
The throb of thy musical heart in the dusk,  
and the magical things  
Only the Night can know.*

REMEMBRANCE: A SONNET.

O NIGHT of death, O night that bringest all,  
Night full of dreams and large with promises,  
O night that holdest on thy shadowy knees  
Sleep for all fevers, hope for every thrall;  
Bring thou to her for whom I wake and call,  
Bring her when I am dead, for memories,  
Our vanished love and all our vanished ease;  
And I shall live again beneath the pall!

Then let my face, pale as a waning moon,  
Rise on thy dark and be again as dear;  
Let my dead voice find its forgotten tune  
And strike again as sweetly in her ear,  
As when, upon my lips, one far-off June,  
Thy name — O Death — she could not brook to bear!

## FIRE-FLIES.

### I.

**T**O-NIGHT I watch the fire-flies rise  
And shine along the air ;  
They float beneath the starry skies,  
As mystical and fair,  
Over the hedge where dimly glows  
The deep gold of the Persian rose.

I watch the fire-flies drift and float,  
Each is a dreamy flame,  
Star-coloured each, a starry mote,  
Like stars not all the same ;  
But whiter some, or faintly green,  
Or warmest blue was ever seen.

They cross and cross and disappear,  
And then again they glow ;  
Still drifting faintly there and here,  
Still crossing to and fro,  
As though in all their wandering  
They wove a wide and shining thing.

### II.

O fire-flies would I knew the web  
You have the weaving of !  
For, as I watch you move, bereft  
Of thought or will or love,  
I fear, O listless flames, you weave  
The fates of men who strive and grieve.

*The web of life, the web of dreams,  
You weave it ceaselessly;  
A strange and filmy thing it seems,  
And made in mystery  
Of wind and darkness threaded through  
With light these heavens never knew.*

*O pale, mysterious, wandering fire,  
Born of the earth, alive  
With the same breath that I respire,  
Who know and think and strive;  
You circle round me, stranger far  
Than any charm of any star!*

III.

*Ah me, as faint as you, as slight,  
As hopelessly remote  
As you, who still across the night  
Innumerable float,  
Intangible as you, I see  
The motives of our destiny.*

*For ah, no angel of the stars,  
No guardian of the soul,  
Stoops down beyond the heavenly bars  
Our courses to control.  
But filled and nourished with our breath  
Are the dim hands that weave our death.*

*They weave with many threads our souls,  
A subtle-tinted thing,  
So interwoven that none controls  
His own imagining,  
For every strand with other strands  
They twine and bind with viewless hands.*

*They weave the future of the past ;  
Their mystic web is wrought  
With dreams from which we woke at last,  
And many a secret thought ;  
For still they weave, bowe'er we strive,  
The web new-woven for none alive.*

IV.

*And still the fire-flies come and go—  
Each is a dreamy flame—  
Still palely drifting to and fro  
The very way they came—  
As though, across the dark they wove  
Fate and the shining web thereof.*

*Yet, even were I sure of it,  
I would not lift a hand  
To break the threads that shine and flit—  
For, ah, I understand :  
Ruin, indeed, I well might leave  
But a new web could never weave.*

### THE PAVILION.

**I***n the tent the lamps were bright;  
Out beyond the summer night  
Thrilled and quivered like a star:  
We beneath were left so far.*

*From the depth of blue profound  
Never any sight or sound  
Came our loneliness to mar:  
We beneath were left so far.*

*But against the summer sky  
Only you stood out and I;  
From all other things that are  
We beneath were left so far.*

## THE IDEAL.

**T**HE night is dark and warm and very still,  
Only the moon goes pallid and alone ;  
The moon and I the whole wide heavens fill,  
And all the earth lies little, lost, unknown.

I walk along the byways of my Soul,  
Beyond the streets where all the world may go,  
Until at last I reach the bidden goal  
Built up in strength where only I may know.

For in my Soul a temple have I made,  
Set on a height, divine and steep and far,  
Nor often may I hope those floors to tread,  
Or reach the gates that glimmer like a star.

O secret, inner shining of my dream,  
How clear thou risest on my soul to-night !  
Forth will I fare and seek the heavenly beam,  
And stand within the precincts of the light.

And I will press beyond the curtain'd door,  
And up the empty aisle where no one sings ;  
There will I fall before thee and adore,  
And feel the shadowy winnowing of thy wings.

So will I reach thee, Spirit ; for I have known  
Thy voice, and looked upon thy blinding eyes,  
And well thou knowest the world to me is grown  
One dimness whence thy dreamy beacons rise.

Nor ask I any hope nor any end,  
That thus for thee I dream all day, all night ;  
But, like the moon along the skies, I wend,  
Knowing no world below my borrowed light.

## CALAIS BEACON.

(To E. S.)

FOR long before we came upon the coast and  
the line of the surge,  
Pale on the uttermost verge,  
We saw the great white rays that lay along the  
air on high  
Between us and the sky.

So soft they lay, so pure and still: "those are  
the ways," you said,  
"Only the angels tread;"  
And then we watched them tremble past the  
burring rush of the train  
Over the starlit plain.

Until at last we saw the strange, pallid, elec-  
trical star  
Burning wanly afar;  
The lighthouse beacon sending out its rays on  
either hand,  
Over the sea and the land.

Those pale and filmy rays that reach to mar-  
iners, lost in the night,  
A hope of dawn and a light—  
How soft and vague they lie along the darkness,  
shrouding o'er  
The dim sea and the shore.



*And many fall in vain across the untenanted  
marshes to die,  
And few where sailors cry;  
Yet, though the moon go out in clouds, and all  
of the stars grow wan,  
Their pale light shineth on.*

*O souls, that save a world by night, ye too are  
no rays of the noon,  
And no inconstant moon;  
But such pale, tender-shining things as yon  
faint beacon afar,  
Whiter than any star.*

*No planet names that all may tell, no meteor  
radiance and glow  
For a wondering world to know;  
You shine as pale and soft as that, you pierce  
the stormy night  
And know not of your light!*

VENETIAN NOCTURNE.

**D**OWN in the narrow Calle where the  
moonlight cannot enter  
The houses are so high;  
Silent and alone we pierced the night's dim  
core and centre—  
Only you and I.

Clear and sad our footsteps rang along the  
hollow pavement,  
Sounding like a bell;  
Sounding like a voice that cries to souls in  
Life's enslavement,  
"There is Death as well!"

Down the narrow dark we went, until a  
sudden whiteness  
Made us hold our breath;  
All the white Salute towers and domes in  
moonlit brightness,—  
Ah! could this be Death?

## INVOCATIONS.

**O** *SONG in the nightingale's throat, O music,  
Dropt as it fell by a falling star,—  
All of the silence is filled with thy pain,  
Listening till it shall echo again.*

*O song in the nightingale's throat, O music,  
Thou art the soul of the silence afar!*

*O space of the moon in the starless heaven,  
Raining a whiteness on moorland and sea,  
Falling as lightly and purely as dew,  
All of the shadow thou fillest through—*

*O space of the moon in the starless heaven,  
Surely the night is the shadow of thee!*

*O silence of Death, O world of darkness,  
When over me the last shadow shall fall,  
Holdest thou safe in the night all around  
Any moon to arise, any music to sound?*

*O silence of Death, O world of darkness,  
Shall we perceive thee or know thee at all?*

THE FEAST OF ST. JOHN.

A MAN goes twanging a mandoline down  
the valley,  
A girl sings late  
By the city gate,  
A chorus rings from the wine shop, there, in  
the alley.

(O cruel voices, cruel music-making,  
I cannot sleep, and am so tired of waking!)

The lanterns strung in the square burn scarlet  
and yellow,  
They swing and shine  
In a fiery line;  
The fire-flies flit through the fields where the  
corn is mellow.

(Already in the East, alas! the morrow  
Pales with the sick renewal of a sorrow.)

### SERENADE.

**M**OON of my soul, arise !  
    *Ab me, the moon, the moon goes out in clouds ;*  
    *Lo, a great darkness all the heaven sbrouds*  
*And night is in mine eyes.*

*Star of my life, appear !*  
    *Ab, not a star, not one is lit on high—*  
    *Only along the edges of the sky*  
*There slants a falling sphere.*

**D**<sup>i</sup> *fior le parolette mie novelle*  
*Han fatto una ballata.*

**DANTE.**

**A GARLAND OF FLOWERS**



A FOLETTA.

O ROSINA, *Rosinella,*  
Give your hand and let us go  
Where, beyond the flowering almonds,  
Scarlet tulips blow.

O Rosina, *Rosinella,*  
Such a thing you could not pray,  
Dared not dream alone at midnight,  
Cry aloud to-day!



A RIFIORITA.

**F**LOWERS *in the wall!*  
How could he leave the house where he was born?  
(We children played together  
In warm or wintry weather)  
How could he leave the house where he was born?  
I count the stones for him and love them all.  
(We children played together  
In warm or wintry weather).

*Flowers on the stone!*  
The Siren loves the sea, but I the Past!  
(We children played together  
In warm or wintry weather)  
The Siren loves the sea, but I the Past!  
Upon my rock I sing alone, alone,—  
(We children played together  
In warm or wintry weather).

POSIES.

TO F. M. R.

I.

**I** MADE a posy for my Love  
As fair as she is soft and fine :  
The lilac thrift I made it of,  
And lemon-yellow columbine.

But woe is me for my despair,  
For my pale flowers, woe is me :  
A bolder man has given her  
A branch of crimson peony !

II.

Come let us a posy make  
Sweet with lasting flowers to-day !  
Gather roses, dear, and break  
Pinks in bud and sprigs of bay,  
Myrtle, violets, woodruff, rue,  
Lavender and featherfew.

Trim it round with southern-wood,  
Grey and sweet as honest age ;  
Ladies' bedstraw fresh and good ;  
Lilac thyme and silvery sage.  
Kiss it last, and let it lie  
With my letters—till it die !

RED MAY.

**O**UT of the window the trees in the Square  
Are covered with crimson May—  
You, that were all of my love and my care,  
Have broken my heart to-day.

But though I have lost you and though I despair  
Till even the past looks grey—  
Out of the window the trees in the Square  
Are covered with crimson May.

TO A ROSE DEAD AT MORNING.

O PURPLE blossoms, rained upon,  
O'er which the noon-day never shone,  
Which never knew the dearest prime  
And fragrance of the summer time,—  
O blossoms, shedding all your leaves,  
Before they feel the coolest dew,  
My soul that so untimely grieves  
And sheds her song is even as you!

### STREWINGS.

**S**TROW *poppy buds about my quiet head  
And pansies on mine eyes,  
And rose-leaves on the lips that were so red  
Before they blanched with sighs.*

*Let gilly-flowers breathe their spicy breath  
Under my tired feet,  
But do not mock the heart that starved to death  
With aught of fresh or sweet!*

TEMPLE GARLANDS.

**T**HERE is a temple in my heart  
Where moth or rust can never come,  
A temple swept and set apart,  
To make my soul a home.

And round about the doors of it  
Hang garlands that forever last,  
That gathered once are always sweet;  
The roses of the Past !

TREASURE SONG.

**T**HE miser loves to count his store  
Of barren ducats o'er and o'er :  
Above all pomp or pleasure  
He loves his golden treasure.

And I do love to count alone  
A useless treasure of mine own  
Heigho ! Delights of dreaming,  
So dear, and only seeming !

OAK AND HOLLY.

**A** *MILE beyond the western sun grow woods of oak and  
holly;*

*The oak leaves are sere*

*For the falling of the year :*

*They have no life in them to heal a broken heart, I fear !*

*And heigho, the holly,*

*Though green it is and jolly,*

*There is no sap beneath the gloss, 'tis but a pretty folly :*

*It can but tear a tender breast that aches with melancholy !*



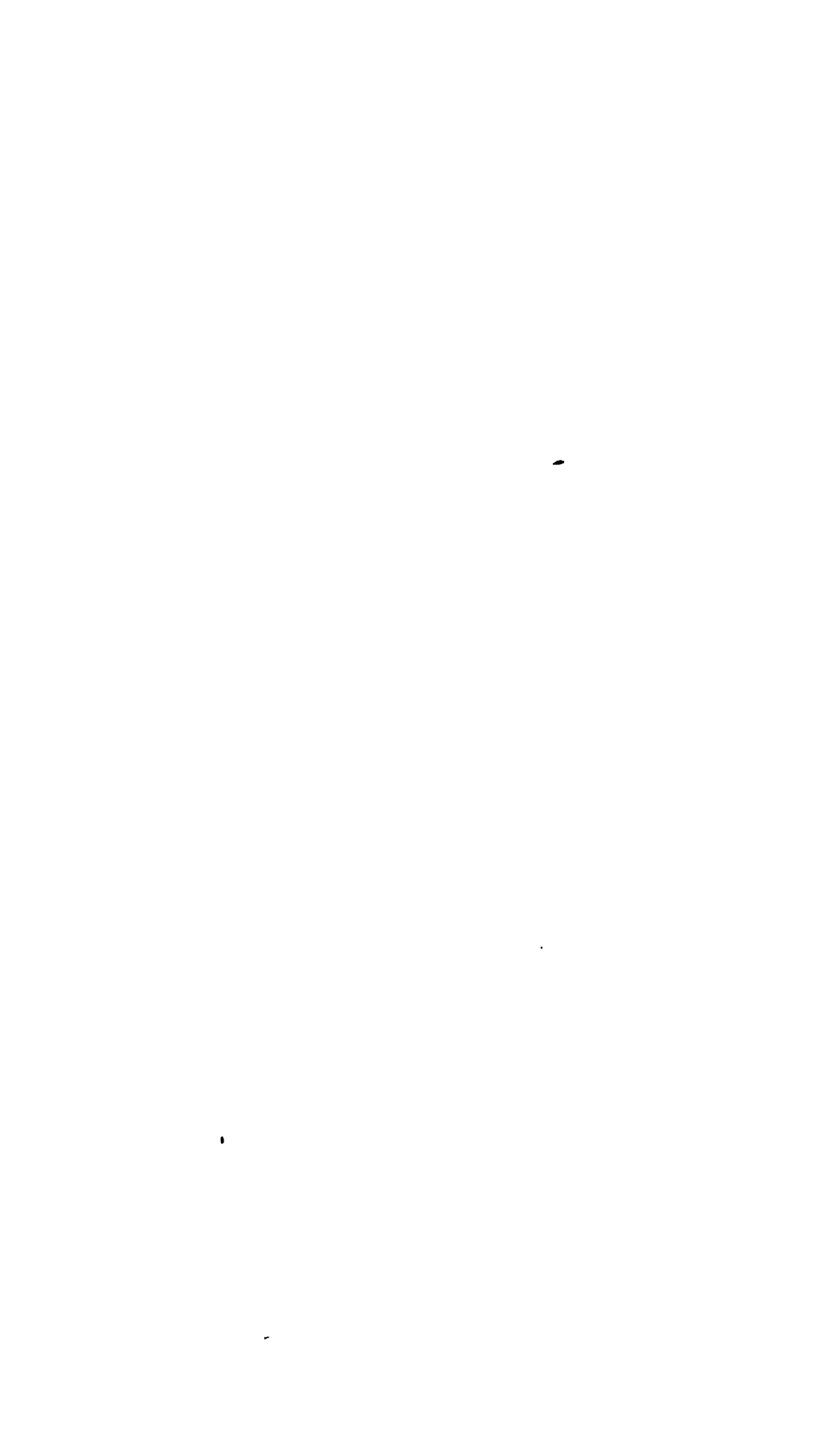


**F**IOR di Cipresso!  
*Accenditi, Candela, in su quel masso;  
Fa lume all'amor mio che passa adesso.*

*M' affaccio alla finestra e veggio il mare,  
E mi ricordo che s'ha da morire.  
Termineranno le speranze care!*

TUSCAN STORNELLI.

TUSCAN CYPRESS



## RISPETTI.

### I.

*MY mother bore me 'neath the streaming moon,  
And all the enchanted light is in my soul.  
I have no place amid the happy noon,  
I have no shadow there nor aureole.*

*Ah, lonely whiteness in a clouded sky,  
You are alone, nor less alone am I;  
Ah, moon, that makest all the roses grey,  
The roses I behold are wan as they!*

### II.

*What good is there, Ah me, what good in Love?  
Since, even if you love me, we must part;  
And since for either, an you cared enough,  
There's but division and a broken heart?*

*And yet, God knows, to hear you say: My Dear!  
I would lie down and stretch me on the bier.  
And yet would I, to hear you say: My own!  
With mine own hands drag down the burial stone.*

### III.

*I love you more than any words can say,  
And yet you do not feel I love you so;  
And slowly I am dying day by day,—  
You look at me, and yet you do not know.*

*You look at me, and yet you do not fear:  
You do not see the mourners with the bier.  
You answer when I speak and wish me well,  
And still you do not hear the passing bell.*

IV.

*O Love, O Love, come over the sea, come here,  
Come back and kiss me once when I am dead!  
Come back and lay a rose upon my bier,  
Come, light the tapers at my feet and head.*

*Come back and kiss me once upon the eyes,  
So I, being dead, shall dream of Paradise;  
Come, kneel beside me once and say a prayer,  
So shall my soul be happy anywhere.*

V.

*I sowed the field of Love with many seeds,  
With many sails I sailed before the blast,  
And all my crop is only bitter weeds;  
My sails are torn, the winds have split the mast.*

*All of the winds have torn my sails and shattered,  
All of the winds have blown my seed and scattered,  
All of the storms have burst on my endeavour,—  
So let me sleep at last and sleep for ever.*

VI.

*I am so pale to-night, so mere a ghost,  
Ah, what, to-morrow, shall my spirit be?  
No living angel of the heavenly host,  
No happy soul, blithe in eternity.*

*Oh, I shall wander on beneath the moon,  
A lonely phantom seeking for you, soon;  
A wandering ghost, seeking you timidly,  
Whom you will tremble, dear, and start to see!*

VII.

*When I am dead and I am quite forgot,  
What care I if my spirit lives or dies?  
To walk with angels in a grassy plot,  
And pluck the lilies grown in Paradise?*

*Ab, no—the heaven of all my heart has been  
To hear your voice and catch the sighs between.  
Ab, no—the better heaven I fain would give,  
But in a cranny of your soul to live.*

VIII.

*Ab me, you well might wait a little while,  
And not forget me, Sweet, until I die!  
I had a home, a little distant isle,  
With shadowy trees and tender misty sky.*

*I had a home! It was less dear than thou,  
And I forgot, as you forget me now.  
I had a home, more dear than I could tell,  
And I forgot, but now remember well.*

IX.

*Love me to-day and think not on to-morrow,  
Come, take my hands, and lead me out of doors,  
There in the fields let us forget our sorrow,  
Talking of Venice and Ionian shores;—*

*Talking of all the seas innumerable  
Where we will sail and sing when I am well;  
Talking of Indian roses gold and red,  
Which we will plait in wreaths—when I am dead.*

X.

*There is a Siren in the middle sea  
Sings all day long and wreathes her pallid hair,  
Seven years you sail, and seven ceaselessly,  
From any port ere you adventure there.*

*Thither we'll go, and thither sail away  
Out of the world, to hear the Siren play;  
Thither we'll go and bide among her tresses,  
Since all the world is savage wildernesses.*

XI.

*Tell me a story, dear, that is not true,  
Strange as a vision, full of splendid things;  
Here will I lie and dream it is not you,  
And dream it is a mocking bird that sings.*

*For if I find your voice in any part,  
Even the sound of it will break my heart;  
For if you speak of us and of our love,  
I faint and die to feel the thrill thereof.*

XII.

*Let us forget we ever loved each other much,  
Let us forget we ever have to part,  
Let us forget that any look or touch  
Once let in either to the other's heart.*

*Only we'll sit upon the daisied grass  
And hear the larks and see the swallows pass;  
Only we'll live awhile, as children play,  
Without to-morrow, without yesterday.*

XIII.

*Far, far away and in the middle sea,  
So still I dream, although the dream is vain,  
There lies a valley full of rest for me,  
Where I shall live and you shall love again.*

*O ships that sail, O masts against the sky,  
Will you not stop awhile in passing by?  
O prayers that hope, O faith that never knew,  
Will you not take me on to heaven with you?*

XIV.

*Flower of the Cypress, little bitter bloom,  
You are the only blossom left to gather;  
I never prized you, grown amid the gloom,  
But well you last, though all the others wither.*

*Flower of the Cypress, I will bind a crown  
Tight round my brows to still these fancies down.  
Flower of the Cypress, I will tie a wreath  
Tight round my breast to kill the heart beneath.*

XV.

*Ah, Love, I cannot die, I cannot go  
Down in the dark and leave you all alone,  
Ah, hold me fast, safe in the warmth I know,  
And never shut me underneath a stone.*

*Dead in the grave! And I can never hear  
If you are ill or if you miss me, dear.  
Dead, oh my God! and you may need me yet,  
While I shall sleep, while I—while I—forget!*



XVI.

*Come away Sorrow, Sorrow come away—  
Let us go sit in some cool, shadowy place;  
There shall you sing and hush me all the day,  
While I will dream about my lover's face.*

*Hush me, O Sorrow, like a babe to sleep,  
Then close the lids above mine eyes that weep;  
Rock me, O Sorrow, like a babe in pain,  
Nor, when I slumber, wake me up again.*

**N**EL mio orto c' è nato una canna,  
E d'ogni modo c' è nato un bel fiore;  
Nel mezzo che ci canta la calandra,  
In cima e in fondo un bel fiorin d'amore.

' N cima ci canta tre sorte d'uccelli,  
Calandre, rusignoli e filunguelli;  
' N cima ci canta tre sorte ucellini,  
Calandre, rusignoli e cardellini.

TUSCAN RISPETTO.

SONGS AND DREAMS



## TUSCAN MAY-DAY.

**T**HE village girls have gone away  
To sing at every shrine,  
The whole day long they sing and pray  
To Mary, maid divine.

I know so well the way they go,  
The very turn they took,  
And all the chants they sing I know,  
And every Virgin's look :

Yet should I sing with them, and stand  
Before the Poor in heart,  
Would she not reach her holy hand  
To thrust me out apart ?

Beside the glimmering sea I sit,  
And watch the darkness fall ;  
The thirsty sand drinks up in it  
My tears, and hides them all.

The nearing voices swell and soar :  
Ave Mary ! hark ! Ave Mary !  
Before the shrine upon the shore,  
The tired singers tarry.

I sang beside them at the spring,  
And in the weedy furrow ;  
But here I feel I dare not sing,  
" Mary, Mary, Mary, Mother Mary,"  
My heart is mad with sorrow !

## LOVE WITHOUT WINGS.

### EIGHT SONGS.

#### I.

**I** THOUGHT: *no more the worst endures!*  
I die, I end the strife,—  
You swiftly took my hands in yours  
And drew me back to life!

#### II.

We sat when shadows darken,  
And let the shadows be;  
Each was a soul to hearken,  
Devoid of eyes to see.

You came at dusk to find me;  
I knew you well enough . . .  
O Lights that dazzle and blind me—  
It is no friend, but Love!

#### III.

How is it possible  
You should forget me,  
Leave me for ever  
And never regret me!

I was the soul of you,  
Past Love or Loathing,  
Lost in the whole of you . . .  
Now, am I nothing?

IV.

*The fallen oak still keeps its yellow leaves  
But all its growth is o'er !  
So, at your name, my heart still beats and grieves,  
Although I love no more.*

V.

*And so I shall meet you  
Again, my dear  
How shall I greet you ?  
What shall I hear ?*

*I, you forgot !  
(But who shall say  
You loved me not  
Yesterday ?)*

VI.

*Ah me, do you remember still  
The garden where we strolled together,  
The empty groves, the little hill  
Starred o'er with pale Italian Heather ?*

*And you to me said never a word,  
Nor I a single word to you,  
And yet how sweet a thing was heard,  
Resolved, abandoned, by us two !*

VII.

*I know you love me not . . . I do not love you ;  
Only at dead of night  
I smile a little, softly dreaming of you  
Until the dawn is bright.*

*I love you not; you love me not; I know it:  
But when the day is long  
I haunt you like the magic of a past,  
And charm you like a song.*

VIII.

*(1) Death of things that are, Eternity  
(2) of things that seem;  
(3) of all the happy past remains to me,  
To-day, a dream!*

*Long blessed days of love and waking thought,  
All, all are dead;  
Nothing endures we did, nothing we wrought,  
Nothing we said.*

*But once I dreamed I sat and sang with you  
On the hill.  
There, in the echoes of my life, we two  
Are singing still.*

SEMITONES.

I.

**G**IVE me a rose not merely sweet and fresh,  
Not only red and bright,  
But caught about in such a thorny mesh  
As rankles in delight.

Smile on me, Sweet; but look not only kind:  
The smile that most endears  
Trembles on pallid lips from eyes half-blind  
With brine of bitter tears.

II.

Ah, could I clasp thee in mine arms,  
And thou not feel me there,  
Asleep and free from vain alarms,  
Asleep and unaware!

Ah, could I kiss thy pallid cheek,  
And thou not know me nigh;  
Asleep at last, and very meek,  
Who wert as proud as I.

III.

We did not dream, my Heart, and yet  
With what a pang we woke at last!  
We were not happy in the past  
It is so bitter to forget.

We did not hope, my Soul, for Heaven;  
Yet now the hour of death is nigh;  
How hard, how strange it is to die  
Like leaves along the tempest driven.



## DEATH IN THE WORLD.

**T**HE great white lilies in the grass  
Are pallid as the smile of death;  
For they remember still — alas!  
The graves they sprang from underneath.

The Angels up in heaven are pale —  
For all have died, when all is said;  
Nor shall the lutes of Eden avail  
To let them dream they are not dead.

## ELYSIUM.

**I** *NTO the valley of Death am I come,  
Into the asphodel meadow,  
Where in the grass there is never a tomb,  
Where there is rest and shadow !*

*All of the world is estranged to my eyes,  
Scarce can I see you or hear you —  
You that are far from my faint Paradise —  
Though I am with you and near you.*

*All that I hoped for and all that I was,  
Drops like a cloak from my shoulders,  
Leaving the soul unencumbered to pass  
Out of the ken of beholders.*

*Yea, in the valley of Death I awoke,  
Pallid and strange as a vision,  
All of my sorrow is vanished as smoke —  
These are the valleys Elysian !*

STORNELLI AND STRAMBOTTI.

I.

FLOWER of the clove !  
Red rose the morning, and my heart was free ;  
Red sets the sun and, see, I die of Love !

\* \* \* \* \*  
O mandolines that thrill the moonlit street,  
O lemon flowers so faint and freshly blown,  
O seas that lap a solemn music sweet  
Through all the pallid night against the stone,  
O lovers tramping past with happy feet,  
O heart that hast a memory of thine own—  
For Mercy's sake no more, no more repeat  
The word it is so hard to bear alone !

\* \* \* \* \*  
Flower of the flax !  
I cannot spin to-night ; my heart is full.  
Quick go the fingers where the lover lacks !

II.

Rosemary leaves !  
She who remembers cannot love again ;  
She who remembers sits at home and grieves.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Love is a bird that breaks its voice with singing,  
Love is a rose blown open till it fall,  
Love is a bee that dies of its own stinging,  
And Love the tinsel cross upon a pall.  
Love is the Siren, towards a quicksand bringing  
Enchanted fishermen that bear her call.  
Love is a broken heart,—Farewell,—the wringing  
Of dying hands. Ah, do not love at all !

\* \* \* \* \*  
Flower of a flower !  
My heart alone may guess my lover's name,  
Or where we met or when the happiest hour !

PRINCESSES.

**H**ow did they feel, I wonder?  
Fairy princesses,—  
Sending their lovers through  
Danger as strange as new;  
Caves full of flame and thunder,  
Fierce wildernesses?

I, of a simpler mind,  
Own them above me.  
Dear, I could never ask  
You for the lightest task—  
So do I dread to find  
You may not love me!

LOVERS.

*So glad am I, my only Love,  
So glad that I could fly  
Above the clouds and far enough—  
Join hands, and let us try!*

*We'll watch the world that spins below  
Amid a mist of stars;  
Along the milky way we'll go  
Towards the heavenly bars.*

*And, smiling soft at one another,  
Sweet angels looking o'er  
Shall cry, "These lovers love each other;  
Never were such before!"*

## A BALLAD OF FORGOTTEN TUNES.

TO V. L.

**F**ORGOTTEN *seers of lost repute*  
That haunt the banks of Acheron,  
Where have you dropped the broken lute  
You played in Troy or Calydon?  
O ye that sang in Babylon  
By foreign willows cold and grey,  
Fall'n are the harps ye banged thereon,  
Dead are the tunes of yesterday!

*De Coucy, is your music mute,*  
The quaint old plain-chant woe-begone  
That served so many a lover's suit?  
Oh, dead as Adam or Guédron!  
Then, sweet De Caurroy, try upon  
Your virginals a virelay;  
Or play, Orlando, one pavonne—  
Dead are the tunes of yesterday!

*But ye whose praises none refute,*  
Who have the immortal laurel won;—  
Trill me your quavering close acute,  
Astorga, dear unhappy Don!  
One air, Galuppi! Sarti, one  
So many fingers used to play!—  
Dead as the ladies of Villon,  
Dead are the tunes of yesterday!

Envoy.

*Vernon, in vain you stoop to con*  
The slender, faded notes to-day—  
The Soul that dwelt in them is gone:  
Dead are the tunes of yesterday!

### CELIA'S HOME-COMING.

**M**AIDENS, kilt your skirts and go  
Down the stormy garden-ways,  
Pluck the last sweet pinks that blow,  
Gather roses, gather daisies,  
Since our Celia comes to-day  
That has been too long away.

Crowd her chamber with your sweets—  
Not a flower but grows for her!  
Make her bed with linen sheets  
That have lain in lavender  
Light a fire before she come  
Lest she find us chill at home.

Ah, what joy when Celia stands  
By the leaping blaze at last,  
Stooping down to warm her hands  
All benumbed with the blast,  
While we bide her cloak away  
To assure us she shall stay.

Cyder bring and cowslip wine,  
Fruits and flavours from the East,  
Pears and pippins too, and fine  
Saffron loaves to make a feast:  
China dishes, silver cups,  
For the board where Celia sups!

Then, when all the feasting's done,  
She shall draw us round the blaze,  
Laugh, and tell us every one  
Of her far triumphant days—  
Celia, out of doors a star,  
By the hearth a bolier Lar!

### ALTERNATIVES.

**D**EAREST, should I love you more  
If you understood me?  
If, when I am sick and sore,  
Straightway you divined wherefore,  
Then with herbs and healing store  
Of your love imbued me?

Nay, I have instead, you know,  
In your heart an harbour,  
Where the great winds never go  
That about my spirit blow;  
Where the sweet wild roses grow,  
Sweeter thrushes harbour.

What a joy at last to rest  
Safe therein from sorrow!  
What a spur when sore distressed,  
To at last attain your breast!  
When the night is loneliest  
What a hope of morrow!



## DRYADS.

**T**HE Dryads dwell in Easter woods,  
Though mortals may not see them there;  
They haunt those rustling solitudes,  
And love the solemn valleys where  
The bracken mocks their tawny hair.

And where the rushes make a hedge  
With flowering lilies round the lake,  
They come to shelter in the sedge;  
They dip their shining feet and slake  
Their thirst where shallow waters break.

But through the sultry noon their home  
Surrounds some smooth old beechen stem.  
Behold how thick the empty dome  
Is heaped with russet leaves for them,  
Where burr or thistle never came!

And there they lie in languid flocks,  
A drift of sweetness unespied;  
They dream among their tawny locks  
Until the welcome eventide  
Breathes freshly through the woods outside.

And then a gleam of white is seen  
Among the huge old ilex-boughs;  
The Dryads love its sombre green;  
They make the tree their summer-house,  
And there they swing and there carouse.

*But, if the tender moon by chance  
Come up the skies with silver feet,  
They spring upon the ground and dance  
Where most the turf is thick and sweet,—  
And would that we were there to see 't!*

*But, ah! if any woodman find  
A Dryad hid about a tree,  
He drops his hatchet, stricken blind—  
I know not why, unless it be  
They are Immortals, and not he!*

A ROSE.

I.

**S**HE is a rose indeed!  
But I'll not take her—  
I'll pluck me any weed:  
How could I break her?  
  
Ay, she's the sweetest song!  
I'll sing it never.  
Could I such music wrong  
With rude endeavour?

II.

Yet since you loved me, O my flower, my rose,  
Why could I not be dumb and let you love?  
Why must I fling you all my passionate woes,  
The scorn, the anguish, the remorse thereof,  
Down at your timid feet, too soft to tread  
These brambles where I bow my desolate head.

•

**U**<sup>N</sup> *cœur tendre qui bâte le néant vaste et noir*  
*Du passé lumineux recueille tout vestige.*

**BAUDELAIRE.**

•

**VESTIGIA**

•



ROSA ROSARUM.

**G**IVE me, O friend, the secret of thy heart  
Safe in my breast to hide,  
So that the leagues which keep our lives apart  
May not our souls divide.

Give me the secret of thy life to lay  
Asleep within my own,  
Nor dream that it shall mock thee any day  
By any sign or tone.

Nay, as in walking through some convent-close,  
Passing beside a well,  
Oft have we thrown a red and scented rose  
To watch it as it fell;

Knowing that never more the rose shall rise  
To shame us, being dead;  
Watching it spin and dwindle till it lies  
At rest, a speck of red—

Thus, I beseech thee, down the silent deep  
And darkness of my heart,  
Cast thou a rose; give me a rose to keep,  
My friend, before we part.

For, as thou passest down thy garden-ways,  
Many a blossom there  
Groweth for thee: lilies and laden bays,  
And rose and lavender.

But down the darkling well one only rose  
In all the year is shed;  
And o'er that chill and secret wave it throws  
A sudden dawn of red.

AN OASIS.

**Y**OU wandered in the desert waste, athirst ;  
My soul I gave you as a well to drink ;  
A little while you lingered at the brink,  
And then you went, nor either blessed nor cursed.

The image of your face, which sank that day  
Into the magic waters of the well,  
Still haunts their clearness, still remains to tell  
Of one who looked and drank and could not stay.

The sun shines down, the moon slants over it,  
The stars look in and are reflected not ;  
Only your face, unchanged and unforget,  
Shines through the deeps, till all the waves are lit.

My soul I gave you as a well to drink,  
And in its depth your face is clearer far  
Than any shine of sun or moon or star—  
Since then you pause by many a greener brink.

### TORRENTS.

**I** KNOW *that if our lives could meet  
Like torrents in a sudden tide,  
Our souls should send their shining sheet  
Of waters far and wide.*

*But, ah! my dear, the springs of mine  
Have never yet begun to flow—  
And yours, that were so full and fine,  
Ran dry so long ago!*



AUBADE TRISTE.

**T**HE last pale rank of poplar-trees  
Begins to glimmer into light,  
With stems and branches faintly white  
Against a heaven one dimly sees  
Beyond the failing night.

A point of grey that grows to green  
Fleck'd o'er with rainy yellow bars,—  
A sudden whitening of the stars,  
A pallor where the moon has been,  
A peace the morning mars;

When, lo! a shiver of the breeze  
And all the ruffled birds awake,  
The rustling aspens stir and shake,  
For, pale, beyond the pallid trees,  
The dawn begins to break.

And now the air turns cool and wan,  
A drizzling rain begins to fall,  
The sky clouds over with a pall—  
The night, that was for me, is gone,  
And day has come for all.

CASTELLO.

**T**HE Triton in the Ilex-wood  
Is lonely at Castello.  
The snow is on him like a hood,  
The fountain-reeds are yellow.

But never Triton sorrowed yet  
For weather chill or mellow :  
He mourns, my Dear, that you forget  
The gardens of Castello!

## A CLASSIC LANDSCAPE.

**T**HIS wood might be some Grecian heritage  
Of the antique world, this hoary ilex wood;  
So broad the shade, so deep the solitude,  
So grey the air where Oread fancies brood.

Beyond, the fields are tall with purple sage;  
The sky bends downward like a purple sheet—  
A purple wind-filled sail—'t the noonday heat,  
And past the river shine the fields of wheat.

O tender wheat, O starry saxifrage,  
O deep-red tulips, how the fields are fair!  
Far off the mountains pierce the quivering air,  
Ash-coloured, mystical, remote, and bare.

How far they look, the Mountains of Mirage,  
Or northern hills of Heaven, how far away!  
In front the long paulonia blossoms sway  
From leafless boughs across that dreamy grey.

O world, how worthy of a golden age!  
How might Theocritus have sung and found  
The Oreads here, the Naiads gathering round,  
Their pallid locks still dripping to the ground!

For me, O world, thou art how mere a stage,  
Whereon the human soul must act alone,  
In a dead language, with the plot unknown,  
Nor learn what happens when the play is done.

POPLAR LEAVES.

THE wind blows down the dusty street;  
And through my soul that grieves —  
It brings a sudden odour sweet:  
A smell of poplar leaves.

O leaves that herald in the spring,  
O freshness young and pure,  
Into my weary soul you bring  
The vigour to endure.

The wood is near, but out of sight,  
Where all the poplars grow;  
Straight up and tall and silver white,  
They quiver in a row.

My love was out of sight, but near;  
And through my soul that grieves  
A sudden memory wafts her here  
As fresh as poplar leaves.

SPRING UNDER CYPRESSES.

**U**NDER the cypresses, here in the stony  
Woods of the mountain, the Spring too is sunny :  
Rare Spring and early,  
Birds singing sparely,  
Pale sea-green bellebore smelling of honey.

Desolate, bright, in the blue Lenten weather,  
Cones of the cypresses sparkle together,  
Shining brightly  
As, loosely and lightly,  
The winds lift the branches and stir them and feather.

Where the sun pierces, the sharp boulders glitter  
Desolate, bright ; and the white moths flitter  
Pallidly over  
The bells that cover  
With faint-smelling green all the fragrant brown litter.

Down in the plain the sun opens for hours—  
Look ! in the orchards a mist of pale flowers—  
Past the rose-hedges  
A-bloom to the edges,  
A smoke of blue olives, a vision of towers !

Here only bellebore grows, only shade is ;  
Surely the very Spring here half afraid is :  
Out of her bosom  
Drops not a blossom,  
Mutely she passes through—she and her ladies.

*Mutely? Ah, no; for a pause, and thou hearest  
One bird who sings alone — one bird, the dearest.*

*Nay, who shall name it,  
Call it or claim it?  
Such birds as sing at all sing here their clearest.*

*Ah, never dream that the brown meadow thrushes,  
Finches, or happy larks sing in these bushes.*

*Only some poet  
Of birds, flying to it,  
Sings here alone, and is lost to the bushes.*

CAMPIELLO BARBERO.

I.

**T**O-DAY I came  
To a place I know ;  
The echoes still  
Repeat at will  
My foreign name,  
Learned long ago.

A little court  
Where acacias grow ;  
Against the sky  
Grey roofs piled high,  
Some steep, some short ;  
And the sea below.

For the sea is there  
In the streets, you know.  
The sea-weed falls  
From the basement walls  
In the little square  
Called Barbero.

'Twas there I came  
As the sun went low.  
A girl passed by  
Singing loud and high—  
'Tis—O God!—the same ;  
I am altered so.

II.

*Three white acacia trees  
Stand up against the sky ;  
Only the moonlight sees  
Their drift of white, and I.*

*How came I here at last ?  
And ah, how long ago,  
In how remote a past  
I watched their branches blow.*



## MUSIC.

**B**EFORE the dawn is yet the day  
I lie and dream so deep,  
So drowsy-deep I cannot say  
If yet I wake or sleep.

But in my dream a tune there is,  
And rings so fresh and sweet  
That I would rather die than miss  
The utmost end of it.

And yet I know not an it be  
Some music in the lane,  
Or but a song that rose with me  
From sleep, to sink again.

And so, alas, and even so  
I waste my life away;  
Nor if the tune be real I know,  
Or but a dream astray.

SONG.

O, LIKE a rose that waves its scented boughs  
About the window where a sufferer dies,  
So I behold your smile, your placid brows,  
Beyond my sorrow, and see your starry eyes.

O rose, I cannot breathe your delicate breath,  
You cannot light the horror of the tomb,  
And yet how sweet— even as I sink in death,  
To watch your blossoms through the darkening gloom.

SONNET.

**S**INCE childhood have I dragged my life along  
The dusty purlieus and approach of Death,  
Hoping the years would bring me easier breath,  
And turn my painful sighing to a song;  
But, ah, the years have done me cruel wrong,  
For they have robbed me of that happy faith;  
Still in the world of men I move a wraith,  
Who to the shadow-world not yet belong.

Too long indeed I linger here and take  
The room of others but to droop and sigh;  
Wherefore, O spinning sisters, for my sake,  
No more the little tangled knots untie;  
But all the skein, I do beseech you, break,  
And spin a stronger thread more perfectly.

IN MEMORIAM.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

(*A Canzone.*)

**O** BORN in *May* and dead at *Eastertide*,  
O mournful nightingale  
That sang as solemn in our *English vale*  
As any in the *Italian country side*.  
Now comes the spring again,  
When listeners hush and every songster sings;  
The swallows sweep with darting wings  
At last and larks arise,  
For spring is here and only waits in vain  
One sweeter note for which we all are fain  
That sounds in *Paradise*.

Yea, thou art dead, nor hast thou any care  
That the first hawiborn swells in bud to-night,  
Nor yet for our despair;  
Nor for the songs that once were thy delight,  
Whose singing wings shall never cease to beat  
In music strange and sweet,  
And make a southern April in our air.

But thou art gone before  
To that remote, eternal, final shore  
That was thine unforgotten goal;  
And thou hast climbed the mount of *Paradise*;  
And thy triumphant soul,  
With him who living went that way,  
And him who saw all Heaven with blinded eyes,  
Rejoices in the day!

Rejoice at last, O souls,  
That never were on earth completely glad  
For the full vision that ye had  
Of everlasting things;  
Now sing within your shining aureoles  
And strike the golden strings  
Of an eternal lyre!  
Thou, too, O latest comer in the Quire,  
Whom most I praise with him  
Thy master, and our milder English seer.  
Lift up thy music clear;  
For never didst thou find the vision dim,  
Or long to linger here  
Among the roses and the summer green,  
But, knowing not a wavering in desire,  
With unrelenting wings  
Thou fleddest past us towards eternal things  
As swallows fly to summers never seen.

ART AND LIFE.

(A Sonnet.)

WHEN autumn comes, my orchard trees alone  
Shall bear no fruit to deck the reddening year —  
When apple gatherers climb the branches sere  
Only on mine no harvest shall be grown.  
For when the pearly blossom first was blown,  
I filled my hands with delicate buds and dear,  
I dipped them in thine icy waters clear  
O well of Art! and turned them all to stone.

Therefore, when winter comes, I shall not eat  
Of mellow apples such as others prize :  
I shall go hungry in a magic spring! —  
All round my head and bright before mine eyes  
The barren, strange, eternal blossoms meet,  
While I, not less an hungered, gaze and sing.

## PERSONALITY.

(A Sestina.)

**A**s one who goes between high garden walls,  
Along a road that never has an end,  
With still the empty way behind, in front,  
Which he must pace for evermore alone—  
So, even so, is Life to every soul,  
Walled in with barriers that no Love can break.

And yet! ah me! how often would we break  
Through every fence, and overleap the walls,  
And link ourselves to some beloved soul,  
Hearing her answering voice until the end,  
Going her chosen way, no more alone,  
But happy comrades, seeing Heaven in front.

But, ah, the barrier's high! and still my front  
I dash against the stones in vain, nor break  
A passage through, but still remain alone:  
Hearing sometimes across the garden walls  
A voice the wind brings over, or an end  
Of song that sinks like dew into my soul.

Since others sing, let me forget, my Soul,  
How dreary-long the road goes on in front,  
And tow'rd how flat, inevitable an end.  
Come, let me look for daisies, let me break  
The gillyflowers that shelter in the walls—  
But, ah! it is so sad to be alone!

For ever, irremediably alone,  
Not only I or thou, but every soul,  
Each cased and fastened with invisible walls.  
Shall we go mad with it? or bear a front  
Of desperate courage doomed to fail and break?  
Or trudge in sullen patience till the end?

*Ah, hope of every heart, there is an end!  
An end when each shall be no more alone,  
But either dead, or strong enough to break  
This prisoning self and find that larger Soul  
(Neither of thee nor me) enthroned in front  
Of Time, beyond the world's remotest walls!*

*I trust the end and sing within my walls,  
Sing all alone, to bid some listening soul  
Wait till the day break, watch for me in front!*



PULVIS ET UMBRA.

(*A Sestina.*)

**A** LONG the crowded streets I walk and think  
How I, a shadow, pace among the shades,  
For I and all men seem to me unreal:  
Foam that the seas of God which cover all  
Cast on the air a moment, shadows thrown  
In moving westward by the Moon of Death.

Oh, shall it set at last, that orb of Death?  
May any morning follow? As I think,  
From one surmise upon another thrown,  
My very thoughts appear to me as shades—  
Shades, like the prisoning self that bounds them all,  
Shades, like the transient world, and as unreal.

But other hours there be when I, unreal,  
When only I, vague in a conscious Death,  
Move through the mass of men unseen by all;  
I move along their ways, I feel and think,  
Yet am more light than echoes, or the shades |  
That bide me, from their stronger bodies thrown.

And better moments come, when, overthrown  
All round me, lie the ruins of the unreal  
And momentary world, as thin as shades;  
When I alone, triumphant over Death,  
Eternal, vast, fill with the thoughts I think,  
And with my single soul the frame of all.

Ah, for a moment could I grasp it all!  
Ah, could but I (poor wrestler often thrown)  
Once grapple with the truth, oh then, I think,  
Assured of which is living, which unreal,  
I would not murmur though among the shades  
My lot were cast, among the shades and Death.

*"One thing is true," I said, "and that is Death,"  
And yet it may be God disproves it all;  
And Death may be a passage from the shades,  
And films on our beclouded senses thrown;  
And Death may be a step beyond the Unreal  
Towards the Thought that answers all I think.*

*In vain I think. O moon-like thought of Death,  
All is unreal beneath thee, uncertain all,  
Dim moon-ray thrown along a world of shades!*



## LATER POEMS



## ETRUSCAN TOMBS.

### I.

*To think the face we love shall ever die,  
And be the indifferent earth, and know us not!  
To think that one of us shall live to cry  
On one long buried in a distant spot!*

*O wise Etruscans, faded in the night  
Yourselves, with scarce a rose-leaf on your trace,  
You kept the ashes of the dead in sight,  
And shaped the vase to seem the vanished face.*

*But, O my Love, my life is such an urn  
That tender memories mould with constant touch,  
Until the dust and earth of it they turn  
To your dear image that I love so much:*

*A sacred urn, filled with the sacred past,  
That shall recall you while the clay shall last.*

### II.

*These cinerary urns with human head  
And human arms that dangle at their sides,  
The earliest potters made them for their dead,  
To keep the mother's ashes or the bride's.*

*O rude attempt of some long-spent despair —  
With symbol and with emblem discontent —  
To keep the dead alive and as they were,  
The actual features and the glance that went!*

*The anguish of your art was not in vain,  
For lo, upon these alien shelves removed  
The sad immortal images remain,  
And show that once they lived and once you loved.*

*But oh, when I am dead may none for me  
Invoke so drear an immortality!*

### III.

*Beneath the branches of the olive yard  
Are roots where cyclamen and violet grow;  
Beneath the roots the earth is deep and hard,  
And there a king was buried long ago.*

*The peasants digging deeply in the mould  
Cast up the autumn soil about the place,  
And saw a gleam of unexpected gold,  
And underneath the earth a living face.*

*With sleeping lids and rosy lips he lay  
Among the wreaths and gems that mark the king  
One moment; then a little dust and clay  
Fell shrouelled over wreath and urn and ring.*

*A carved slab recalls his name and deeds,  
Writ in a language no man living reads.*

### IV.

*Here lies the tablet graven in the past,  
Clear-charactered and firm and fresh of line.  
See, not a word is gone; and yet how fast  
The secret no man living may divine!*

*What did he choose for witness in the grave?  
A record of his glory on the earth?  
The wail of friends? The Pæans of the brave?  
The sacred promise of the second birth!*

*The tombs of ancient Greeks in Sicily  
Are sown with slender discs of graven gold  
Filled with the praise of Death: "Thrice happy he  
Wrapt in the milk-soft sleep of dreams untold!"*

*They sleep their patient sleep in altered lands,  
The golden promise in their fleshy hands.*

## TUBEROSES.

### I.

**T**HE Tuberose you left me yesterday  
Leans yellowing in the glass we set it in;  
It could not live when you were gone away,  
Poor spike of withering sweetness changed and thin.

And all the fragrance of the dying flower  
Is grown too faint and poisoned at the source,  
Like passion that survives a guilty hour,  
To find its sweetness heavy with remorse.

What shall we do, my dear, with dying roses?  
Shut them in weighty tomes where none will look  
—To wonder when the unfrequent page uncloses  
Who shut the wither'd blossoms in the book?—

What shall we do, my dear, with things that perish,  
Memory, roses, love we feel and cherish?

### II.

Alive and white, we praised the Tuberose,  
So sweet it fill'd the garden with its breath  
A spike of waxy bloom that grows and grows  
Until at length it blooms itself to death.

Everything dies that lives — everything dies;  
How shall we keep the flower we lov'd so long?  
O press to death the transient thing we prize,  
Crush it, and shut the elixir in a song.



*A song is neither live nor sweet nor white.  
It hath no heavenly blossom tall and pure,  
No fragrance can it breathe for our delight,  
It grows not, neither lives; it may endure.*

*Sweet Tuberose, adieu! you fade too fast!  
Only a dream, only a thought, can last.*

III.

*Who'd stay to muse if Death could never wither?  
Who dream a dream if Passion did not pass?  
But, once deceived, poor mortals hasten thither  
To watch the world in Fancy's magic glass.*

*Truly your city, O men, hath no abiding!  
Built on the sand it crumbles, as it must;  
And as you build, above your praise and chiding,  
The columns fall to crush you to the dust.*

*But fashion'd in the mirage of a dream,  
Having nor life nor sense, a bubble of nought,  
The enchanted City of the Things that seem  
Keeps till the end of time the eternal Thought.*

*Forswear to-day, forswearing joy and sorrow,  
Forswear to-day, O man, and take to-morrow.*

SONNET.

**G**OD sent a poet to reform His earth.  
But when he came and found it cold and poor,  
Harsh and unlovely, where each prosperous door  
Held poets light for all their heavenly birth,  
He thought—Myself can make one better worth  
The living in than this—full of old lore,  
Music and light and love, where Saints adore  
And Angels, all within mine own soul's girth.

But when at last he came to die, his soul  
Saw earth (flying past to Heaven) with new love,  
And all the unused passion in him cried:  
O God, your Heaven I know and weary of.  
Give me this world to work in and make whole,  
God spoke: Therein, fool, thou hast lived and died!

## VERSAILLES.

*"Le monde est l'œuvre d'un grand Architecte qui est mort  
avant de l'avoir achevé."*

B. CONSTANT.

**T**HE king is dead who planned these terraces;  
The turf has grown to meadow grass again;  
The lake is rank beneath the untended trees,  
And down the mouldering statues drips the rain.

The king is dead. Ay, he, with all his kind,  
Is absolutely vanished, lost, and gone,  
And not a trace of him remains behind;  
But the forsaken palace lingers on.

How desolate! The weary waters drowned  
In mist, the empty alleys chill and froze,  
The vast and melancholy pleasure-ground  
Where the forgotten monarch comes no more.

How like an older Folly, planned no less  
For beauty, where a greater monarch trod,  
And now, grown old, in its extreme distress  
Abandoned by the long-departed God!

Oct., 1888.

## EPILOGUE.

**I***N the cup of life, 'tis true,  
Dwells a draught of bitter dew —*

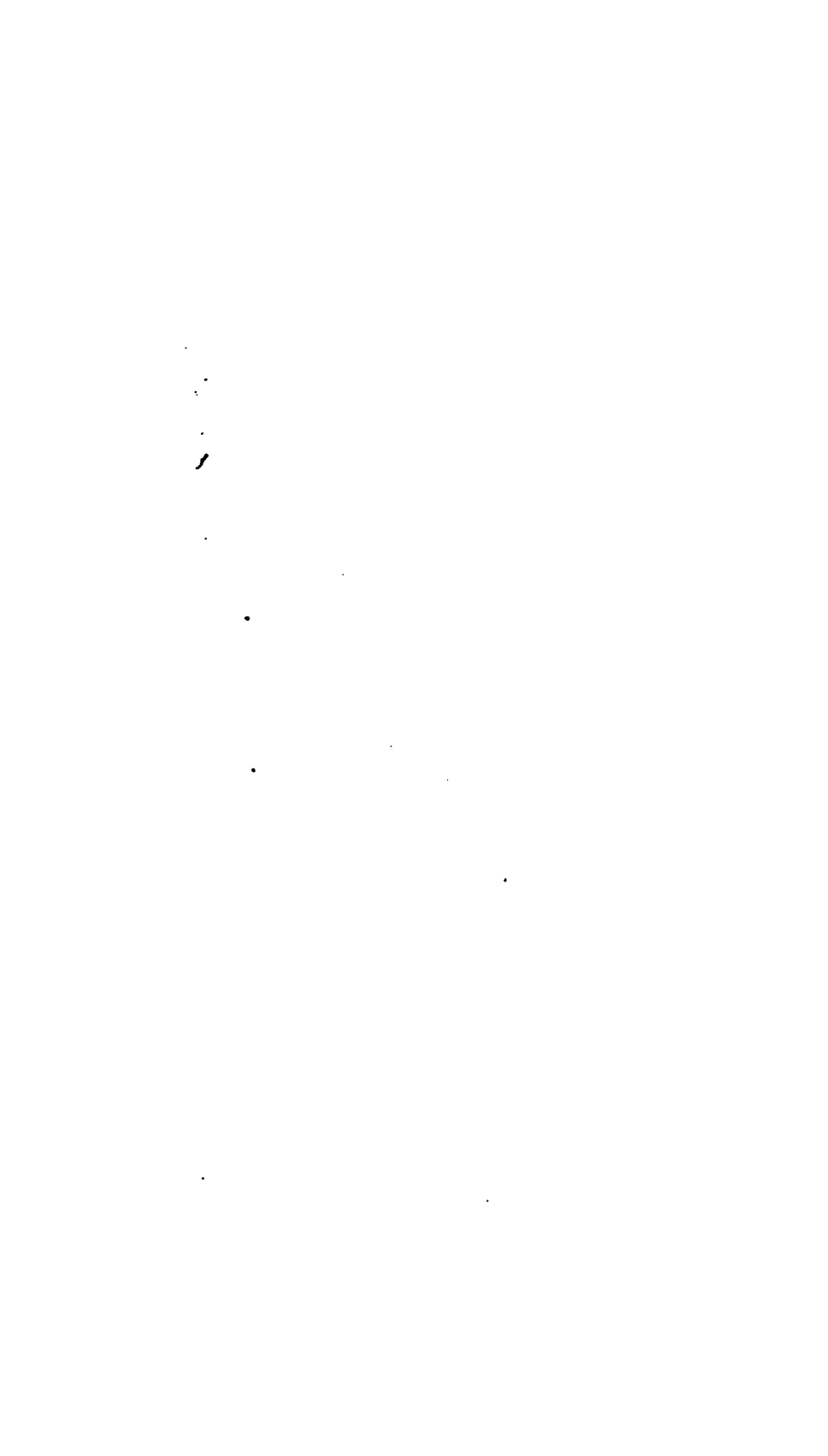
*Disenchantment, sorrow, pain,  
Hunger that no bread can still,  
Dreary dawns that dawn in vain,  
Hopes that torture, joys that kill.*

*Yet no other cup I know  
Where such radiant waters glow :*

*It contains the song of birds,  
And the shining of the sun ;  
And the sweet unspoken words  
We have dreamed of, every one ;*

*Love of women, minds of men. —  
— Take the cup, nor break it, then.*

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